

### **SORIN CERIN**

# THE DAYS OF THE ABSURD Philosophical poems

2021

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### 1. The Inferno of the Absurd

Hearts, of Wind, blow the Dust of the Thoughts, incarnated in Pain.

Tears, of Desert, break the chains, of the Existential Anxieties, deeply rooted, in the Illusions of Life and Death.

Nobody's Zodiac Signs, are constantly looking for, and full of frenzy, at the Little Advertising of Vanities, new Souls, through which to prosper, the Inferno of the Absurd, which they to live him, at the highest levels of Despair.

Homeless Days, are gladly offered by Death, to the Eternities of Moments, in which we could take refuge, the Glances of Love, together with which we remained, to beg Salvation, from the Mistakes of Creation, of the Original Sins, alienated from ourselves, on the steps of the Cathedrals, of Vices and Prides, of a Heaven that remained, of the Nobody.

### 2. Received from the Inferno of the Absurd

Heavens, of Desert, they crush even the Dreams, of the broken Hourglasses, in which they were cut, the homeless Days, what, they barely crawl wounded, through our Souls, leaving behind them only, the Despair, of to no longer have, what to we put on the table, of the Thoughts, nothing else, than Death. which is offered to us, by the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence, in order to fulfill through us, the portion of Pain, which it must deliver, as fresh as possible,

to the Paradise of a God, cynical, defiant and cruel, who always needs strong sensations, received from the Inferno of the Absurd, of the Living Statues, in whose bodies, we are obliged to play the roles of Life, on the Zebras of Destinies, where we cross, the Vanity.

### 3. Woven from the Inferno of the Absurd

Cold and claustrophobic stained glass windows, they let us the Heavens of Passions, to open wide, to the Divine Light, which embraces us, the Hearts of Desert, of the Cemeteries of Words. in which we buried us, the Dreams. guarded by the rusty candles, of the Memories from the Future, which barely flicker, at the head of their own Destiny, woven from the Inferno of the Absurd. for to be placed, on the pillow of bitter stone, of the Pain. from which God, has sculpted our face, lest he get bored, of so much comfort and worry-free, through the Paradise which has been forbidden to us, by His own Mistakes of the Creation, of the Original Sins.

### 4. The lost Steps of the Agglomerations of Pains

Bridges, ruined by palms, of the Thoughts, given to the rebellious Horizons, which are agitated, secluded, through the homeless Days, scattered through the tense Smiles, in which, the Destiny leads, the Years of lead, of the Zebras. of the Illusions of Life and Death, gnawed by envy, and crushed by the lost Steps, of the Agglomerations of Pains, which cross them. the Hearts of Desert, to reach the end, in the arms of Inferno of the same Absurd, in which we clothed our births, in a World of the Nobody.

### 5. Undressing us by the Dust of the Absurd Inferno

Lead wedding rings, given by the Non-Senses of the Existence, on the Altar of a Deception, whose Divinity, we are asked, to we worship her, forever. forever and ever, by the Mistakes of Creation, of the Original Sins, held by the cold and hard arms, of the Illusions of Life and Death, of which, Nobody, he will never tell us, that we'll break up soon, undressing us, by the Dust of the Absurd Inferno, of the Self Alienation, in which we were predestined, to we lead our Pain. toward the Zebra of Good and Evil,

which we to cross, toward Death, until, she will die, blinded by the Love, which we will find again, without ever leaving her, no matter how long we should wait for her, at the massive gates of the Loneliness, which crushes us, with the steps of its homeless Days, the Heaven of Hopes.

### 6. Wings of Angels broken by the Tree of Knowledge

Wings, of Angels, broken by the Tree of Knowledge, from the bodies of Divine Light, of Immortality, to be built, at the Cathedrals of Sorrows, from the Inferno of the Absurd. in which we incarnated. the Helplessness, of to fly beyond us, and the Self Alienation, in which we collapsed our Dreams, being chained, with the shards of the broken Hourglasses, of the homeless Days, in which we cut us, the Purpose bloodied, by the Eternities of the Moments killed, to be offered on Nothing, to Death, at the head of which, we are destined to live the life. of the Vanities, which were drank to the end. in the cups of desert, of Loneliness by ourselves.

### 7. The Dreams of lead of the Death

Wax candles, created from the emaciated bodies. of the Non-Senses of the Existence, are melted by the rays, of the Sacred Flames, of the Love, of the Divine Light, which have penetrated with difficulty, through the icy Darkness, from the Inferno of the Absurd, of the Illusions of Happiness, for to give us, the Wings of Angels of the Dreams, with which to we fly beyond us, up to the Star of Immortality, without it knowing, that we are being pursued, by the fangs, of bloody beast, of the Destiny, which crush us. with the Dreams of lead, of the Death, any Memory from the Future, toward which we want to go.

### 8. I'm trying to find my Angel Wings

Devoured, by the Ascension, to the Heavens of the Love, of the Zebra, of Good and Evil, which I am crossing, toward Death, I'm trying to find my, Angel Wings, which I lost them, once with the Incarnation, in the Inferno of the Absurd, but I am blinded, by the bitter glow, of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence, at the soles of which, I'm trying to fly, away, by myself, being crushed by the heavy and deaf lead, of the Thoughts, which draw me, into the depths of the Hearts of Desert, of the Pains.

### 9. I admire you every time

Beauty, of the Love, I admire you every time, even if I'm forced to look at you, only through the rays of the Thoughts, so tried, by, the cups of desert, in which we have to drink, the bitter potion, of the Alienation from ourselves, extracted from the entrails, of the Illusions of Life and Death, by the black and rotten Scales, of the Non-Senses of the Existence, which tilt each time, towards the deaf Pain, of the homeless Days, in which we carry the hunchbacked Years, by the weight of Time, of the Nobody.

### 10. The Fair from the homeless Days

Steps, of Sky, ever taller and full of godliness, for the Divine Light, of the Love, they ascend me toward myself, the Stranger.

Lead Dreams,
they crush me,
with the gray stolen,
from the broken Hearts,
of the Hourglasses,
for to be served,
to the Illusions of Life and Death,
as lunch,
before reopening,
the Fair from the homeless Days,
of the Absurd Inferno,
at which we must all,
we to sell us,
on, ourselves.

### 11. Which give the Exact Hour to the Watches of Lead

Walls of Words, which give the Exact Hour, to the Watches of Lead, on Nothing, even if they acquired her, with large sums, of ruined Dreams. on the steps of Pains, of so many and so many, homeless Days, thrown on the streets of our Destinies, by the Illusions of Life and Death, to which we worship, the Helplessness, of to be ourselves. those beyond, of these Non-Senses of the Existence, from which we carve, the faces of the Nobody, for to show them to the Vanity, which delights with them.

### 12. In waves of Loneliness

Fields of Thoughts, shattered by the Hearts of Wind, of the homeless Days, in waves of Loneliness, to which we throw, without knowing, the Destinies, increasingly thirsty, for the Endlessness of the Waters, of the Illusions of Life and Death, which wash the crossroads of the Sky of Dreams, where we get lost every time, the Hopes, which are lost, by the Subconscious Stranger, of the Absolute Truth, of the Love, forever.

### 13. To be fulfilled to us, to the end, the Predestination

Instincts of Lead, they crush the bloody Dawn, of the Loneliness, with new homeless Days, which they will have to, to host them, our Hearts of Desert, until, we will succeed to pass them, together with us, the Zebra of Good and Evil, for to be embraced, by Death, which is waiting for us, at her welcoming breast, so that to be fulfilled to us, to the end. the Predestination, which they made her, the Mistakes of Creation, of the Original Sins, to the Absurd Inferno, of this World.

### 14. They can no longer breathe

Shirts of stars, they lay, thrown, through the piles of unwashed laundry, of the homeless Days, on which will no longer wear them, no Love, ever, on the dusty streets with Pains, of our Destinies, which, they cough, even the Blood of Dreams, whose lungs, they can no longer breathe, the Hopes, what have been banished. by the pollution of the Non-Senses of the Existence, which crosses us, increasingly more, the Zebra of the Illusions of our Life and Death.

### 15. They sleep through the ditches of the Pain

Branches, of Lead, of the Eternities of Moments. they fall, drifting, over the Tears of Desert, of the lost Glances, on the wastelands of the Illusions of Happiness, more and more dirty, and full of the weeds, of some unwashed Thoughts, by, no Love ever, which sleep through the homeless Days, of the Non-Senses of the Existence, begging from Death, a piece of Life, for to feed with it, the alcoholic and falling stars, of our Destinies, fallen from the vault of the Nobody, which sleep through the ditches of the Pain, hidden by the Wrinkles with makeup, of the frozen and sad Smiles, of Living Statues, of the Absurd Inferno.

#### 16. Shirts of stars stolen

Shirts of stars, stolen from the vaults. of the Memories from the Future, to be dressed, by the homeless Days, of the Lead Dreams, what they wander shivering from the cold, on the streets of our Destinies, increasingly dirty, by the dust raised by the Inferno of the Absurd, in the Eyes of Heaven, of the Divine Light, from the fallen Glance, of the Love, in the abyss of the crucifixions, on the slabs of the graves of Words, what they have still remained to us to say, to Despair.

# 17. We become the same Soul again of the Immortality of a Star

Gates of Divine Light, they guard the Altars of Love, in the Distances, of the Sacred Flames of Dreams, what are born with Wings of Angels, which can fly beyond us, without more ever passing, over the Zebra of Good and Evil, by whose, Hooves of the Hourglasses, stands hung, the Subconscious Stranger, of the Absolute Truth, waiting patiently for us, until we will ascend, where the Incarnations, can never reach. and neither we, without Death. for to show us, how our Death dies, and we become the same Soul again, of the Immortality of a Star, of the Love, what will Never fall with us, from the vault of Eternity.

### 18. Which we were trying in vain, to resurrect them

Stained Glasses of Dreams, they guard the Eyes of Sky, of the troubled Endlessness, between the bars of Lead Thoughts, of the Hearts of wax, which melt of Loneliness, in the cups of desert, of the Absurd Inferno, which we drink. between the walls of the homeless Days, of the Pains that separated us, from the Glances in which we had taken refuge, the Love, killed in the end, by the Tears of Wind, of the lost Years, on rusty handles, by the Cemeteries of the Words, what, they kept us the doors of the Dreams blocked, on the foreheads of Hopes, which we were trying in vain, to resurrect them. from the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence, which we still had them at hand.

### 19. To accommodate us the Destiny

Hourglasses of Lead, hang so hard, on our Glances, blurred. by the Cemeteries of Words, which close them the Years, in the boundless abysses of the Indifference. over which falls forever, the cold and defiant Darkness, of the Despair, from whose flesh, we feed the Steps increasingly lost, of the Eternities of Moments, which are waiting resignedly for their turn, to be killed, by the Illusions of Life and Death, in order to build from their bodies, other Zebras of Good and Evil, on which to they crawl, the shrivelled Steps of the Passions, their homeless Days, under whose Sky, have decided the Mistakes of Creation, of the Original Sins, to accommodate us the Destiny.

### 20. The dew of the homeless Days, of the Absurd Inferno

Sad altars of Loves, they guard the sadistic and cruel garbages, of the Cemeteries of Words, through whose graves of Dreams, flows the Blood of ice of the Indifference, at the soles of which. they flow to us depressed, the Lead Tears. squeezed from the dew of the homeless Days, of the Absurd Inferno, of the Loneliness. on whose forehead, we drown, the Wrinkles of sweat, in which our Hopes have fallen, carried breathlessly, to Nowhere. on the Waters, increasingly deep and swirling, of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence, for which the only shore, it is that of Pain.

### 21. The Hopes sleep their eternal sleep

Walls, of Smiles, through which overflow, whole rivers of Dreams, between the banks of the deep Wrinkles, what they dig their riverbeds of the Deceptions, toward the increasingly crowded Horizons, with Zebras gnawed, by the mutilated Knees of the Thoughts, which cross them, the Pains toward Death, on the rains of Prides, of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence, at the head of which, they sleep their eternal sleep, the Hopes.

#### 22. The shoulder of a Love

Roads of Lead, they meander around the necks of Hopes, ready to strangle them, with the Steps that crush the Eternities of Moments, of the Eyes of Sky, lost at the crossroads, of the homeless Days, which have become to us, roof above the head. of so many Happenings Non-Incidentally, what keep us in, Life, so that we have reached, to give the exact time of Death, to our own Destinies. which have stumbled, on the Zebra of Good and Evil, by ourselves, so hard, so that they broke their Steps, of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,

on which they lean, trying to seek, desperately, the shoulder of a Love, on which to lean, but it was banished, long ago than the Times, by the Inferno of the Absurd of this World, of the Nobody.

### 23. Their turn at the slaughterhouses of Time

Funeral processions, of Dreams, they can barely drag their Lead Steps, behind the coffins full of Hopes, which move hard. on the muddy streets, of the Eternities of Moments, which are silently waiting their turn, at the slaughterhouses of Time, where they will be processed, in a wide range, of Non-Incidentally Happenings, which will poison our Lives, dressed as thick as possible, with Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence. after the latest fashion of the Absurd Inferno, of this Incarnation, in Pain. what was predestined for us, by the Mistakes of Creation, of a God of the Nobody.

### 24. At the time of Alienation of Self

The lattices dressed in Graces, by the Illusions of Life and Death, they smile at us tightly, from the Lead Showcases, of our Glances, of Living Statues, of the Nobody, what we play to perfection, the roles of Pain, which we have to dig, as deep as possible in the Wrinkles of our own Destinies, until will gush from them, the Bitter Water, of the Non-Senses of the Existence, which we will have to drink, from the cups of desert, of the Vanities, at the time of Alienation of Self.

#### 25. We must knot the Destinies

Crossroads of Skies, drawn with Zebras. which cross us the Good and Evil, of the Non-Senses of the Existence, wander through the graves of Dreams, alongside which, we must knot. the redemptive Destinies of Death, by ourselves, to succeed to we escape, from the Inferno of the Absurd, in which we incarnated. the Eternity of the Moment, of a Love. what awaits us even now, silent and resigned, in the abysses where hides, the Subconscious Stranger, of Absolute Truth. from the Illusions of Happiness, of this World, of Vanities.

#### 26. Om Mani Padme Hum

Steps of Sky, Om Mani Padme Hum. of the Divine Light, are waiting for us in vain, the Dreams of Lead, to climb them, because they are so heavy, that they would crush, even the graves of Hopes, which align helplessly, through the Cemeteries of Words, which have become with the help, of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence, Mantras of the Hearts of Desert. which we utter deaf, to the Great Silences, among the walls of the homeless Days, which still keep us warm, in the icy cold, from the Horizons of the Loneliness, which beat ceaselessly, the exact hour of Death, always lost, among the frozen Smiles, of the Absurd Inferno, of the World.

#### 27. The Mantra of Compassion

The glory of Dust of the Pain, in which we were clothed. by the Zebras of the Good and Evil, which we cross toward Death, together with the Non-Senses of the Existence, still stands written to us, on the forehead of Despair, lost, among the Happenings Non-Incidentally, of our Great Silences, what they await the Mantra of Compassion, Om Mani Padme Hum, of Divine Light, of the Love. which to erase it definitively, from our Desert Hearts, for to free us. by ourselves, those incarnate in the Inferno of the Absurd. what will scatter like a mist, what will it take with her. the Tears of Lead. which are now digging their riverbeds, deeper and deeper, through the Wrinkles of our Torments.

#### 28. Squeezed from the Incarnation in the Inferno of the Absurd

Broken wings of the Angel, are played at the roulette, of the Mistakes of the Creations, of the Original Sins, in order to be won, by the Icons Miracles Workers, of the Illusions of Happiness, to which we worship, the Non-Senses of the Existence, supported in the Tears of Lead, squeezed from, the Incarnation, in the Inferno of the Absurd, of the Dreams, about a Divine Light, for which we are too blind, to we find her again, on the forehead of Self-liberation.

#### 29. The thick and deep mud of Inferno of the Absurd

Falling Stars and alcoholic, are lost through the deep ditches, of the Wrinkles, where they sleep the eternal sleep, the Hopes, from the Cemeteries of Words, which we utter. between the massive and threatening Walls, of the homeless Days, which crush us, with the heavy Glances of Lead, on the streets of Destinies, more and more sunken, in the thick and deep mud, of Inferno of the Absurd, in which they get stuck, the Eternities of the Moments, without ever being able to get out, from the Pain of Loneliness, towards our own Self.

#### 30. The Glances of so many Despairs

The curtains of stars, they cover us the Dreams that are beginning to shed, Lead Tears. after the Divine Light of Immortality, which was kidnapped from us, from the arms of Love, by the Incarnation, who threw us defiantly, into the graves of the Great Silences, of the Pains. from the Inferno of the Absurd, which are lost through the Cemeteries of Words, which they utter to us, the Glances of so many Despairs, which mourn their Non-Senses of the Existence, supported by dusty and gray Walls, of the homeless Days, under whose roofs, we are obliged, to carry, the Illusions of Life and Death.

#### 31. Which crush us the Steps of the Memories from the Future

The Great Silences shout us deaf, the Hearts of Desert, from which trickle down to us, the Lead Tears, of the Despair, which flood the Oceans of Dreams. which crush us the Steps, of the Memories from the Future. drowning them, in the sad Blood of the Sunsets, cold and indifferent. over which lie down, the Mistakes of Creation, of the Original Sins, which dig us, Wrinkles, deeper and deeper, in the tender flesh, of the falling stars, which count us, the Eternities of the Moments killed, for no reason. by the Non-Senses of the Existence.

#### 32. Grows abundantly through the Inferno of the Absurd

We worship at Icons of Dreams, crushing us the knees of Desires, on the cold and distant marble, of the Pain, which grows abundantly, through the Inferno of the Absurd, from which God sculpted, the great work, of the Mistakes of Creation, exhibited in the museum salons, of the Despair, where are received, only the Lead Steps, of the Illusions of Life and Death, to admire them, the ability to kill, as many Eternities of Moments as possible, which feed Death. with their homeless Days.

#### 33. The coldness from every homeless Day which we live

Flames of Thoughts, burn smouldering the coffins of the Words, letting the ashes, of the Lead Meanings, to flood us the deep void, from the Hearts of Desert. which still beat even now, the exact time of Death, from which the Non-Senses of the Existence, they braided their crowns of Dreams, which to be placed, on, the foreheads full of sweat, of the Despair, from the Inferno of the Absurd, of our incarnation, which feeds us, the Illusions of Life and Death, with the coldness. from every homeless Day, which we live.

# 34. In the deserted immensity from the Inferno of the Absurd

We have clothed. the Candles of Wishes, with Dreams of Wax, at the catafalque of a Love, to whom the Illusions of Life and Death, they gave her, the lead shoes. of the Distances. which crush us even now, the Glances deeper and deeper, into the endless abysses, of the Alienation from ourselves, where we found refuge, only in the homeless Days, of the Despair, through which we navigate, toward Nowhere, searching in vain, a shore of the Rediscovery, in the deserted immensity, from the Inferno of the Absurd.

#### 35. The Grass of the Thoughts from the Inferno of the Absurd

It has rusted us, even the Grass of the Thoughts, from the Inferno of the Absurd, on which no longer mows her for us, Nobody, letting her to grow, full of weeds, in the endless autumn, of the Alienation from ourselves, among the graves of Smiles, from the Cemeteries of Lead Words, which they always utter us, the homeless Days, of the Great Silences, through which we navigate, toward Nowhere.

#### 36. The Roots of the Pains from the Inferno of the Absurd

The Roots of the Pains. from the Inferno of the Absurd, they penetrate us as deep as possible, into the marble of the Wings of Angels, from which the Mistakes of Creation, have carved us. the Hearts of Desert, of the Cemeteries of Words, which to beat us, the exact time, of the Death, between the walls that crush us, of the homeless Days, which, have been given to us, for to be carried, on exhausted shoulders, of the Hopes, whipped by the Despairs, more and more frequent and diabolical, what, they want to climb with us, on the Highest peaks, of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence.

#### 37. The Freedom hopes to can escape

Tears of Wind, they trickle, over the Lead Steps, which we were crucified, by the homeless Days, in which they live, the Dreams of wax. of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence, what they melt, after the Exact Hour of Death, from the Inferno of the Absurd, on whose shoulders, the Freedom, hopes to can escape, from its own Self Alienation, for to reach, at least once, to see again, the Eyes of Sky of the Immortality, of the Divine Light.

#### 38. The homeless Days, of the Absurd

Hands, of Dreams, stretched to the Tears of Lead. to be able to pass, the bridges of the Remorses, built by the Illusions of Life and Death, which put the blame of the birth, of the Original Sins, on our Pain, and never. on, the Mistakes of Creation, which have filled us, the streets of Destinies, with the homeless Days, of the Absurd. of the Non-Senses of Existence, which we have to pay, with Death. because it crosses us, the Zebra of Tortures. of Good and Evil.

#### 39. Sadistic, petty and murderous

The rays of Divine Light, they break the Darkness of Lead, of the homeless Days, of the Absurd, from which the Illusions of Life and Death, they braided crowns of thorns, to the Eyes of Sky of the Love, which desired the Infinity, of the Wings of Angels of the Words, for which have never existed. the Meanings of the Pain, of the Great Silences of the Deaf Shouts, from the Mud of the Incarnations. in the Mistakes of Creation, of the Original Sins, of a God, sadistic, petty and murderous.

#### 40. The Mud of the Incarnations in Pain and Sigh

Choirs of Angels, of the Apocalypse, they glorify in their songs, the Illusions of the Non-Senses of Existence, which build them, Cathedrals of Sufferings, in which to pray, as ardent as possible, the homeless Days, of the Absurd, in which we live, what have no other chance, to find a roof of Words, above the head of Death, than by worship, to the Icons of vain Dreams, of the Despair, compared to the Human Condition, built with the zeal of the Mistakes of Creation, on the Mud of the Incarnations. in Pain and Sigh.

#### 41. Which descend us into the Inferno of Vanity

Glances of wax, they melt, after the fervent prayers, of the Despair, which flow through the deep Wrinkles, of the Pain, for to remove. thirst for Truth, of the homeless Days, of the Absurd, which we drink, in the cups of desert, of the Hearts of the Nobody, which have chosen. to beat only the exact time, of the Death, only for the Eternities of Moments, which are wasted, without any Meaning, on the steps, more and more gnawed, of the Dreams which descend us, into the Inferno of Vanity.

#### 42. Thet have thrown them again on the streets of our Destinies

The Claws of the homeless Days, of the Absurd, they began to tear deeper and deeper, from the flesh of the Eternities of Moments, raised for the table of Time, by the Illusions of Life and Death, believing that they will find out, in the Blood of the Genes. worn by their Ancestors, instead of the Mistakes of Creation, of the Original Sins, and a piece of Love, which could shelter them, in the arms of the Happiness, but they were bitterly mistaken, not finding, Nothing else, than the deaf Pain, what was reserved for us. by the Non-Senses of the Existence, which have thrown them again, on the streets of our Destinies.

#### 43. We were no longer we, long before Time

We remained two Shadows, Love. which have come to hide, through the homeless Days, of the Absurd, from the Cemeteries of Words, what, they have Nothing more to say to us, among the tombs of Dreams, of so many Despairs, where we buried. the Eternities of the Moments, in which we should have lived, forever, if we had not looked together, in the Misleading Mirror, of the Illusions of Life and Death, where we were no longer we, long before Time, the ones before being the World.

#### 44. Whose Meaning, he certainly did not know

Hands of Passions, they hold the candles of the homeless Days, at the Icons of the Lead Tears, of the Absurd. which, they weep their Pain, leaned on foreheads full of sweat, of the Illusions of Life and Death. which run to Nowhere, to satisfy the Mistakes of Creation, of the Non-Senses of the Existence, whose Labyrinths, they wander the Divine Light, called in help, by the Subconscious Stranger, of the Absolute Truth, to take us on the Wings of her Immortality, for to fly with us, toward the Star of Love, which God has lost to us, at the rigged dice of the Darkness, when he has decided, to make us a World of a Word. whose Meaning, he certainly did not know.

#### 45. Ticket of permission given by Death

Whirlwinds of Dreams, they drown our Remorse, which we feel them, when we lead. on the last road, every Eternity of Moment, at whose windows, we knock every time, believing that we could find out, the Love, which we have lost, once with the Incarnation, in the Mud of the Vanity, which accommodated us. in the homeless Days, of the Absurd, from where we can no longer get out ever, than with a ticket of permission, given by Death, on the Zebra of Good and Evil, of the Suffering.

#### 46. Through the jungle of Compromises

Storms of rebellious Thoughts, they ignite the lightnings of Dreams, on the eternally dark streets, of the Destinies. which stumble, by the Lead Tears, of the Cemeteries of Words. which it can not understand them. not even the Vanity, which we drink her through the cups of desert, of the Pains, what they can't find anywhere else, the reconciliation with their own Self, than between the oppressive walls, of the homeless Days, of the incarnate Absurd, in the Illusions of our Life and Death, on the increasingly shriveled Zebras, of Good and Evil. which we cross them, together with the Despair, through the jungle of Compromises.

# 47. They seem to live, of an eternity, through the homeless Days

The wings of the Non-Meanings, fallen on the shoulders of bitter stone, of the Despairs, they can barely carry, the Lead Tears, what flow on the sweaty foreheads of the Dreams, what fly without their will, toward the falling stars, of the Hearts of Desert. what they seem to live, of an eternity, through the homeless Days, of the Absurd, what covers with the Blindness of Forgetfulness, your Eyes of Heavens, Love, which have searched in vain, through the depths of the Glances lost, at the rigged dice of the Compromises, the address without name, of the Subconscious Stranger, of the Absolute Truth, what could save us, from the alienation that crushes us, our own Self, with the alienated Steps, of the Non-Senses of the Existence.

#### 48. On the ruined walls of the homeless Days

Seafronts of bitter stone, sculpted by the Mistakes of Creation, of the Original Sins, in the image and likeness of the Pain, which we must nourish, with the bodies of the Words, increasingly exhausted, of the funeral convoys of Dreams, which lead on the last road. always the same Eternities of Moments, killed by the Time, vengeful and murderous, of the Illusions of Life and Death, which thrive. from the sweat of the Lead Tears, what, they build without their will, cemeteries of Feelings, more and more numerous, full, with graves, of Loves, placed on the ruined walls, of the homeless Days, through which the Colds of Destinies, they invite us to more serve, a cup of desert, filled with the Blood of the Sunrises, of the Despair.

## 49. Om Mani Padme Hum, which you repeat indefinitely

There is so much anxiety, in the Eyes of Heaven, of the Storms of Absolute Truth, that I am consumed by the Fires, aroused in you Love, broken from the Heart of Fire, of the Tears of Flames, of the Immortality, of the Mantra of Compassion, Om Mani Padme Hum, which you repeat indefinitely, only for us, asking the Divine Light, which guides you, to show us the Way to ourselves, where, we will meet you again, sitting at the same address, next to the Subconscious Stranger, whom we thought we had lost, forever, in cold arms.

of the Illusions of Life and Death, what they built us, the homeless Days, of the Absurd, from which we to no longer be able to get out, unaccompanied by Death.

#### 50. The saving Death from the Death that will die to us then

It rains with vain Glories. over the Dreams stuck, in the deep and fetid Mud, of the Incarnations, which we have to cross, riding on the Zebra of the Good and Evil, hoping that we'll find out as soon as possible, the saving Death, from the Death that will die to us then. in the arms of the Non-Senses of the Existence, whose Illusions, they gave us so much Pain, so that they can feed with it, the whole Absurd Realm of the Afterlife, which they can accommodate it, in our homeless Days, so many, that I am convinced they will suffice him, forever. both to him, and to his descendants which he will have, at the helm of the Absurd, anointed with the Despair of the Souls, which, they will come after us.

#### 51. The Vanities and the Absurd

Weeds of Thoughts, they guard the Tears of Lead, of the homeless Days, from which the Non-Senses of the Existence, they have built enough many, Cemeteries of Words, so that they can feed with them, the whole Despair, of the increasingly stumbled Steps, on the shriveled Zebras, of Good and Evil, which finally lead us, to the saving Death, about which they told us, precisely the Illusions of Life and Death, to we be afraid, because then they will succeed, to make the most of, the Suffering of Alienation, by our own Self, the Vanities and the Absurd.

#### 52. In which we lost our identity

Bloody horizons of Thoughts, float on the Oceans of Dreams, increasingly Restless, breaking with the waves of Desires, The Shores of the Incarnations, which they believe that will discover, the diamonds of Love. which have proved to be, glass, without any value, coming from the shards of the Hourglasses, broken by the hysterical Time, by, the walls of the homeless Days, of the Absurd, in which we lost our identity, when he gets drunk, with the degrees of the shooting stars, to whom he thinks he can still steal them, the Immortality, which they left it to the Darkness, what followed them. on the vault of Loneliness, of the Nobody.

#### 53. The Destinies of the homeless Days, of the Absurd

Windows of Lead, they crush the Eyes of the Heavens, from Hearts crucified, on the crowded streets of the Hopes, which take refuge, through the Eternities of the Moments, where they await their Death, through, the slaughterhouses of the Time, in which we were born, renamed in a hurry, by the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence, with the new names of Maternity hospitals, where the deaf Pains are born, of the Great Silences. from, the Destinies, of the homeless Days, of the Absurd.

#### 54. By the standards of the Absurd

It snows with Loneliness, over the Hearts of Desert, of the homeless Days, from which Death, builds its Icons, of the Pain, to which, to worship, the Dreams, what would ever try to believe, in a Love, which is not clothed, by the standards of the Absurd, of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence, and has the courage to run, on the streets of our Destinies, without learning what Hate is, along with Prides and Compromises.

#### 55. Storms of Angels

Storms of Angels, break the branches of the Lead Wings, of the Expectations, what, they can barely support their foreheads, on the Tears of Wind, of the Loneliness, closed behind the moldy walls, of the homeless Days, at whose windows. the Despair struggles, to enter on the steps, of Heaven, of the Darkness, helped by the Absurd, to drive away, his dark thoughts, about the Sunrises of some Hopes, on which anyway, Nobody's looking for them anymore, at this address of the Death, by ourselves, and they can be killed by Time, once with the Eternities of the Moments, which are not allowed. in this World of the Vanity, to belong to someone.

#### 56. Swallowing too much Death

Rusty leaves of Thoughts, rustle with Tears of Wind. when are crushed, by, the Steps of the Cemeteries of Words, which they utter us, the Illusions of Life and Death, among the funeral processions, consisting of the homeless Days, what they lead on the last road, the Windows of Dreams. broken by so much Sky, of the Hopes, that it flooded, even the minuscule rooms, of the Blind Meanings, which have drowned, forever. swallowing too much Death, what would have wished, to save them, from the Absurd of the agglomerations, with lost Glances, of the Despairs.

#### 57. The Hot Tears of the Despair

Passions condemned to Prides, and Vices, to Compromises, they guard the Incarnations in Pain, of the Dreams, to whom are granted, only homeless Days, in which to dwell, together with Destinies, what are obliged to carry them, through most floors, from the Absurd Inferno, of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence, whose Bitter Water, it washes us, the Dawn of the Loneliness, by ourselves, with the cups of desert, of the Lead Hearts, which we must drink them melted, in the Hot Tears of the Despair.

#### 58. Without more telling us, Nothing else

Being at the crossroads, of the Heavens of Words, which have not yet given birth to, absurd Universes, with homeless Days, the Absolute Truth, of the Love. has decided to look, and into the abysses where melt, Eternities of Moments, for to give birth to the Vanity, and once he got here, he stumbled so hard, by the Mud of the Incarnations, that he called in help, the Subconscious Stranger, of the Instinct, The only one, who managed to face, the Illusions of Life and Death,

always waiting, we to appear after a corner of the Pain, and to we ask him, what exactly is he looking for there, as though we would know each other, for an Eternity, which he will give us, without more telling us, Nothing else, ever.

#### 59. Thus giving the Immortality to Death

Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence, they know that in the end they will be defeated, but their Purpose, is not to build for us, the endless World, but to sow, enough of much Pain, so that even at Death. to be able to die, her Death, thus giving the Immortality, at the Death, through our sacrifice, about which maybe, that somewhere - sometime, we were perfectly Conscious, when we assumed us her, braving the Absurd, cold and indifferent, of the homeless Days, in which we were to live, a whole Destiny, of the Vanity.

## **60.** The Destiny of the Death

Stairs, of Words, climbed by the steps of pitch, of the Pain, of the Illusions of Life and Death, what, they sacrifice the Eternities of the Moments, for the glory of Despair, which abounds, through the homeless Days, of the Absurd. where we are obliged to live, by the Destiny of the Death, in which the Being is, handcuffed and injured, by the Non-Senses of the Existence, what they want that it to be fulfilled, shattering the whole World, to feed the Prides, of the Mistakes of Creation, what are served to us, in the cups of desert of the Time, which kills us slowly but surely, the Dreams that crumble, in the arms of the Cemeteries of Words, of the Creations of the Original Sins, which we gather at the bosom, of our Human Condition.

### 61. Darkened Premonitions

Gloomy and massive Walls, of darkened Premonitions, they spread on deep Wrinkles, of the Times. more and more hunchbacked, by the Bitter Stones, of the Illusions of Life and Death, which they must carry, on the exhausted shoulders of the Destiny, for to be sculpted, by the Mistakes of Creation, of a God of the Nobody, in ever more monstrous faces, of Pains. which cry out deaf, our Great Silences, under the slabs of the tombs of Dreams, on which we are crucified, by, the Despair, of the Non-Senses of the Existence, in order to they pray, to our humiliated and mutilated statues, the Vanities.

### 62. From which we draw our Breath

Rebellious horizons, pull after them, the plows of the Lead Thoughts, of the homeless Days, plowing the Mud of the Incarnations, in the Absurd, of the Being, so that, the Illusions of Life and Death, to they sow in it, the Despair, so necessary to every Culture, which wants to evolve, towards the Self-Enlightenment, of the Holy Spirit, of the Pain, from which we draw our Breath, increasingly crushed, by, the heavy and sharp Steps, of the Non-senses of the Existence.

### 63. The Tears of Lead of the Deer of some Deceits

Horns, of Clouds, pierce the Sky of Memories, on which they graze, the Tears of Lead, of the Deer of some Deceits, from the coffees of the fortune tellers, in Funeral Processions. what they foretell rains, of Remorses, whose hail of Despair, will fall through the Cemeteries of Words, which we always utter to ourselves, among the bars of the Absurd, which falls, on the graves, of Meanings, of the Glances lost, in the dust of the falling stars, what have snowed over the Death, of so many Eternities of Moments, on which the Mistakes of Creation. they waste them in vain, for to paint with them, the shriveled walls, of the homeless Days, in which our Destinies live.

### 64. Which have buried their Incarnation

Traces of Steps of the Love, they get lost in the Shadows of Forgetfulness, becoming Ghosts, of Dreams, which traverse, the Darkness of the graves, of so many Hopes, which have buried their Incarnation, through the Loneliness, by ourselves, forced to live, through the homeless Days, of the Absurd, all these. only to be fulfilled, the tragic Destiny of Death, to whom we were sold, by the Mistakes of Creation.

## 65. Has come to create Icons of the Happiness

The Bitter Dawns of the Loneliness, supported in, Lead Tears, they barely drag their Hopes, to receive the Light, from the Heart of Desert, of the Darkness, what has ceased to beat. long before the Time, for the Sacred Flame, of the Love, whose embers have gone out, in the deep Night, of the Feelings, which live, without paying rent, to the Destiny of Death, in the homeless Days, of the Absurd, from which Despair, has come to create, Icons of the Happiness.

### 66. The Inhumation of the Incarnation

Even if, the Inhumation of the Incarnation, it was written to us, under the Star of the Curse, by the Mistakes of Creation, of the Original Sins, in order to fulfill. the Destiny of Death, Nobody had the right, to sacrifice us, on the burning pyre of Pains, which live in the homeless Days, of the Absurd, which we have to carry them, on the exhausted shoulders, of the Destiny, toward the Cemeteries of Words, which, have been given to us, to clothe them. in the Cold of end of World, of the Despair, of the Illusions of Life and Death, which we are condemned, to we Know them.

## 67. Breathing the Divine Light

We were lured, by the dazzling Mirrors, of the Non-Senses of the Existence, to Bury ourselves in the Body, so that the Destiny of Death, to be fulfilled, helped by the Illusions of the Happiness, supported by the Lead Tears, of the unforgiving Time, which crush us with them, the Memories from the Future, where we were made up, from Love, breathing the Divine Light, from the Star of Immortality, what can never fall, in the dusty ditches, of the Non-Incidental Happenings, created by the Mistakes of Creation, from which the homeless Days, in which we live, they build their Walls, of the Absurd.

### 68. The Incarnations Inhumed in Pain

Hearts, of Wind, they beat their Storms of Dreams, in an apocalyptic discharge of Forces, of the Good and Evil. which draw the Zebra, which they will cross it, the Incarnations Inhumed in Pain, of the Illusions of Life and Happiness, for to live. in the homeless Days, of the Lead Tears, paid royally, by, the Mistakes of the Creation of the Absurd, to crush us with, the Despair, of the Cemeteries of Words, the Eternities of Moments, killed later by the Time, so that the Non-Senses of the Existence, to fulfill, the Destiny of Death.

## 69. Building the weeping Eyes, of the Heavens

The Wings of the Lead Tears, they fall over the Inhumed Angels, through the Incarnations, of the Mistakes of Creation, building the weeping Eyes of the Heavens, on the graves of Dreams, collapsed in the depths, of our Souls, what lie unconscious. being blinded, by, the Illusions of Life and Happiness, which the Subconscious Stranger, of the Absolute Truth, tries hard. to drive them away, in the cold and indifferent arms, of the Non-Senses of the Existence, what they want to fulfill, the Destiny of Death.

## 70. They snowed over the Sighs of the Absurd

Homeless Days, poisoned on the muddy streets, of the Compromises, by the hard and cantankerous fabric of the Words, what build prisons of Meanings, whose bitter bars of Glances, have come to feed. only with the Lead Tears, of the vain Dreams. what they snowed over the Sighs of the Absurd, with the big and thick flakes of the Despairs, which have covered us with snow the indifferent Zebras, of Good and Evil, which she continually crosses them for us, Life. without knowing exactly where we are going, apart from the fact, that wherever we will arrive, we will fulfill. the Destiny of Death.

### 71. On the streets of the unconscious Absurd

Dawn of Words, cold and unwelcoming, they want to fulfill, the desires of the Mistakes of Creation, creating as much Pain as possible, through the abysses of our Souls, in order to fulfill the Destiny of Death, at the broken windows, of the Eternities of killed Moments, by the Curse, of the Illusions of Happiness and Truth, which have left us the Days, which we still have them to live, without shelter. on the streets of the unconscious Absurd, of the Despair, of to Know us, our own Self-alienation.

## 72. In a generalized drunkenness

We came to talking, from the Glances of Lead. of the Tears of Wind. only with the ghosts, of the Words of Creation, what were killed to us, by, the Time of the Mistakes of Creation, when they wanted to fill us, the glasses of the Dreams, among many others, and with Happiness, moment when they were, replaced immediately, by, the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence, with the wormwood of the Knowledge of Pain, which they poured out to us, in the cups of desert, of the Destinies, and they forced us to drink it to the end, in a generalized drunkenness, of falling alcoholic stars, from the vault of the homeless Days, of the Absurd.

## 73. The Alienation by ourselves which presses us

Lead Tears, squeezed from the Questions, increasingly heavy and inhibited, of the rusty Hopes, which are collapsing, crushed at the feet of Pain, inhumed in the Bodies devoid of strength, of the Absurd, of the homeless Days, of the Illusions of Happiness, which paint us the Icons of Love, at which we often worship, the gnawed Knees, of the Thoughts, more and more consumed, by, the Alienation by ourselves, which presses us, the deeper and deeper Wrinkles, of Despair.

## 74. Shores of collapsed Dreams

Shores of Dreams, they lie collapsed in the Bitter Water, of the Illusions of Happiness, which we drink her in the cups of desert, of the Despair, of to be ourselves, the Beings of Divine Light, of the Love, which has left us. in the increasingly erased Memories, of the Future of the Nobody, which trickle toward us, harder and harder, through the Tears of Lead, of the Pain. what we have to carry them, on the exhausted shoulders, of the deep Wrinkles, of the homeless Days, in order to be fulfilled. the Destiny of Death.

## 75. The Hearts of Desert, lost

Leaves, of rusty Hopes, what they drain, through the nervures of Destinies, the Pain, of being held captive, in the homeless Days, of the Absurd. from which the Despairs, they have built their, Miracle-making Icons, what they are crying with the Lead Tears, of the Illusions of Life and Happiness, the Hearts of Desert, lost through, the Glances, increasingly fallen, in the endless abysses, of the Self Alienation.

## 76. The last Illusion of Happiness

Lord, give, to this World, as many Zebras, of Good and Evil, as they can endure, the Steps of the homeless Days, of the Absurd. to cross Life, pulling after them, the heavy Tears of Lead, of the Despairs, which must be climbed, to the last steps, up to the last steps, of the Self Alienation, where we are expected, by, the last, Illusion of Happiness, which, will fulfill, the Destiny of Death.

## 77. They have broken the Heart of Desert from the chest of the Absurd

Lord, scatter for me, the Clouds of the Words, from the faces of the Lead Tears, of the homeless Days, which have broken the Heart of Desert, from the chest of the Absurd. on, whose streets, we lead the Despairs, to drink the drought of Hopes, inhumed through the bodies of Pains, of so many Deceptions, of the Illusions of Happiness, so that it happened, as the Destiny of Death, to be crowned, by the Eternities of the Moments, which were crushed, by the Time of the Vanity.

# Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation

PhD Professor Stefan Borbély, at the Babes-Bolyai University of Cluj-Napoca, emphasizes in the Romanian magazine Contemporanul (The Contemporary), no. 10, October 2020, on page 5, under the title, Gnoses of Sorin Cerin, that: The multitude of phrases written in capital letters (Nobody's World; The Deep Trace of Pain; The Darkness of Loneliness; The Labyrinth of the Absurd, etc.) indicate the existence of a precise conceptual system within the religious-philosophical poetry of Sorin Cerin, which obviously draws its sap from an ethos, of Christian-Gnostic essence, with the remark that, the canonical protagonists of classical Christianity (Jesus, Mary, the Devil, etc.) do not appear in the soteriological discourse of the volume, although the spiritual finality of the approach is beyond any doubt, because the poet constantly invokes, as the final target of his aspiration, Love, the Eye of Dream, of the Perfection or the Path to Absolute, of the Future. The dichotomous regime of the keywords of the volume is also of Christian origin, because within them the Absolute and

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the Absurd face, as in Manichaeism, for example, the fate of the world is decided by the battle between the Being of the Light and the Prince of the Darkness. I have deliberately mentioned Manichaeism as a possible source of inspiration for the cosmology created by Sorin Cerin, because, like the ancient apocalypse (that is, of the textsrevelation), the poet opposes the dispersion induced by materiality by building his own mythology, very carefully conceptualized. This is what the great masters of early Christianity did, taking over a tradition that came from pre-Christian times, when, caught in the illusions of the versatile, metamorphic worlds (The Prince of Darkness in Manichaeism is also a metamorphic demiurge, able to give Matter the most attractive forms, not to mention the Maya to the Hindus), the scholar built an independent autarchic universe (or myth), which being of spiritual (crystalline) origin, offered him the "temple" necessary for the soteriological exercise. Carefully, then, at every detail of this "temple" (which could be a bamboo grove, a monastery in newer times or even a Book), the scholar purified himself with each pebble he placed on the wall of his edifice, finally covering himself with it as if he were doing it with a halo of light. Sorin Cerin's poetry contributes, through each new verse, through each new poem or collection, to the construction of such an autarchic (Autarky) spiritual system. Therefore, the poet's terminology has a precise intrinsic logic: when he says that

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any Cathedral of the Absurd is built with matter taken from death, when he writes about the Subconscious Stranger or the Frozen Words floating around us like thorns of ice, the meaning of these phrases must be sought within the mythographic system created by the poet, and not interpreted by extrapolation. Let us try, therefore, to decrypt the symbolic and narrative structure of this myth, in order to understand its meaning. The universe that the poet evokes in his verses is one of the endings of cosmic cycle, being, therefore, one of eschatological origin. There are, in it, "cemeteries of words," "ruined cathedrals," cluttered dawns, which "crumble," or "broken windows of Heaven," in which "it rains with sharp shards, of moments." We will not find anywhere in the perimeter of this universe, which seems inspired by the ruins suspended in ether, of the Giovanni Battista Piranesi, no space of compensation or refuge, the ruin and the dispersion being ubiquitous. Thus, the black, hopeless geography of the volume suggests bringing the faith into an extreme state, of maceration (Thomas d'Aquino's acedia, also interpreted as a torpor), a stage of annulment of being, from which start, further, two alternative paths: that of renunciation and death, respectively that of courage and hope, the purpose of extreme dispersion being to suggest that even in the most prejudicial situations, the life of faith has sufficient inner resources for ascension and "rebirth," because no matter how opaque the world around us would be, there are still,

in its deep texture, enough "seeds of love", which to we gather them to build a salvation. Sorin Cerin's poetry appears to us, therefore, as one marked by a paradoxical spiritualist optimism, functioning with the logic of an inverted world. The poet constructs, with fervor and syntactic skill, an anti-world (the world of "cemeteries of words", of frozen meanings, the world of "sharp shards" and the Absurd), which, in the end, is meant to test his faith and to turn him to the redemptive horizon of the Absolute. In quantitative terms, the words and images of the volume belong mainly to the dispersed world, to "loss, cold and indifferent forgetfulness", to the Absurd, that is, to an eschatological climate, which the Faith has the call to transcend and correct. The poet goes, however, even further, proposing a cosmology, of the dualistic type, from the category of those used in Gnosis. Let's try to understand it, starting from the poem in the volume, entitled Where we will be forced to stay:

\*We embarked, /on the ship of the Vanity, /with the name of Happiness, /without we knowing, /that the ports in which will dock, /are those of the Pain and Absurd, /followed in the end, /by the one called, Death, /where we will be forced to stay, /forever, /separated from the identity of Love, /what will be stolen from us, /by another Destiny, /what will no longer belong to us, /for to be carried in the distances, /of the Heart of Fire, /of the Eternity of the Moment, /given

somewhere sometime, /by your Glances, /now lost, /among the Flowers of Tears, .of the Memories.\*

It is not the only place where Sorin Cerin talks about an aboulic, deceptive destiny, in which humanity was "closed", cloistered against its will. In this case, the "ship of vanity" docks in ports with exclusively negative connotations, but it is not at all certain that the passengers wanted such a "cruise", their destiny carrying them adrift, against their own will, for superior reasons, which they cannot control. In another poem in the volume there is a "God of No One", who made the world (or at least part of it) "without understanding" that it must be composed (and) of love. This "careless" demiurge has operated, from the very beginning on a negative axiological selection, stopping people from reaching the values of the Good directly or hiding the positive ones. The axial term of the whole complex is the Subconscious Stranger, "which - the been forbidden poet writes we have know". Consequently, mankind let itself caught in a premeditated cosmic "mistake," which hindered its path to fulfillment, that is, to Love. The Subconscious Stranger appears in several of Sorin Cerin's poems, he having the force of an obsession, with recuperative value. Living in the torn, dispersed universe of "absurd" materiality, the poet does nothing but move away from the Subconscious Stranger, salvation demanding, on the contrary, a path in the opposite direction, towards the recovery of the

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Subconscious and its putting in harmony with the Absolute. The precondition of "return" (an essential term for Gnosis) represents it, the internalization of Love: the sharing, from its substance, the preparation transfiguration. Thus, having all the constitutive elements of the poet's personal poetic mythology, we can only reconstruct it. The starting point is, as in Gnosis, the existence of a "Foreign God" (called by the poet, the God of No One), who mispronounced, "carelessly" the Words of Genesis, revealing - without wanting, probably - a world unilaterally abstract, "absurd," in which the human spirit is put to the test. The will does not help them either, as we have seen that it happens with the metaphor of the drifting ship, because the world was created from the beginning wrong, with the normal meanings reversed. The major symbol of the volume expresses, therefore, a metaphysical trap: the human being is caught in an ironic "game", of eschatological type, from which, apparently, he has no way out. But the impasse turns out to be only apparent, because the builder of his own sublime edifice, that is, the poet, has specific, soteriological powers, through which the gate of salvation opens. All these powers are anti-systemic, ie antieschatological. Did "God of No One" put wrong words in the world which he created? The poet's purpose is to find the true ones - and to write them, in order to make them accessible and to those around him. Has the world headed. unknowingly, to wandering, dryness, and dispersion ?: the

poet's purpose is to find meanings, significations and sources of energy, and to show them and to others, in order to replace the fragmented world with the promise of a beautiful, whole, bright one. Did the forces of matter stand in the way of the Absurd and of opacity? The purpose of the poet - and, implicitly, of man - is to plant Love in souls and to return toward the Absolute. Anyone can operate these essentialized retroversions, because, in the end, poet and man mean, in Sorin Cerin's system of thinking, about the same thing: two qualitatively related hypostases of the religious man, of the One who Believes.

**PhD Professor Al Cistelecan** within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelecan considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry,relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of

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philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity

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problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized, or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these

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nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discoursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

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The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discoursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good.", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections."

## <u>PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist</u> poet of the 21st Century

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in România literară, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

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Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in România literară, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking."

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

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I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Nonsense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist avant la lettre.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

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It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new, some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of

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the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

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Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", r la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words

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lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ... ".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century.

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness."

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

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He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises /

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and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ... ".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what

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would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from

Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold."

PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

**PhD Professor Ioan Holban**: "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the

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world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan: "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,

on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled, with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human

being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu: "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title."

<u>PhD Professor Ion Vlad</u>: "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book "The Great Silences", "poems of meditation". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism".

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Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu: "Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Clui, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, 'a rebours, the signs of creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teutișan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible

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map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence" has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence."

<u>PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru</u>: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine

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in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

PhD Professor Stefan Borbély: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from "From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, "the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition .... How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the 'room with mirrors' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

#### **Books** published

Sapiential Literature

## Volumes of aphorisms

- <u>Culegere de Înțelepciune Sorin Cerin: 16777 Aforisme</u>
   <u>Filozofice-Opere Complete-Ediția2020</u>, the United States of America <u>2020</u>, <u>Sorin Cerin Wisdom</u>

   <u>Collection:16777 Philosophical Aphorisms-Complete</u>
   <u>Works -2020Edition</u> contains <u>16777</u> aphorisms, the United States of America <u>2020</u>
- <u>The Future of Artificial Intelligence</u>-philosophical aphorisms, contains **3135** aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- The Philosophy of Artificial Intelligence philosophical aphorisms, contains 4162 aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- <u>Destinul Inteligenței Artificiale</u> Conține un număr de 505 aforisme, Statele Unite ale Americii 2020;
   <u>Destiny of Artificial Intelligence</u> 505 aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- <u>Iubire şi Absurd</u> contains 449 aphorisms, Statele
   Unite ale Americii 2019; <u>Love and Absurd</u> contains
   449 aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2020
- Impactul Inteligenței Artificiale asupra Omenirii
  contains 445 aphorisms, Statele Unite ale
  Americii 2019; The Impact of Artificial Intelligence
  on Mankind 445 aphorisms, the United States of
  America 2019
- <u>Credință și Sfințenie la Om și Mașină</u> contains 749 aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019; Faith

- and Holiness at Man and Machine **749** aphorisms, the United States of America 2019
- Necunoscutul absurd contains 630 aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019; The Unknown Absurd philosophical aphorisms, contains 630 aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- <u>Viitorul îndepărtat al omenirii</u> contains 727 aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019; <u>The Far Future of Mankind</u> contains 727 aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019
- <u>Culegere de Înțelepciune Aforisme filosofice</u>
   <u>esențiale Ediția</u> 2019 contains 13222 aphorisms Statele Unite ale Americii 2019
- Dovada Existenței Lumii de Apoi contains 709
   aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019; Proof of the Existence of the Afterlife World contains 709
   aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019
- <u>Culegere de Înțelepciune Opere Complete de Aforisme Ediție de Referință</u> the United States of America 2019; <u>Wisdom Collection Complete Works of Aphorisms Reference Edition 2019</u>, contains
   12513 aphorisms- the United States of America 2019
- <u>Judecători</u> the United States of America <u>2019</u>;
   <u>Judges</u> –contains 1027 aphorisms, the United States of America 2019
- Culegere de Înțelepciune Opere Complete de Aforisme - Ediție de ReferințăWisdom Collection -Complete Works of Aphorisms - Reference Edition, contains 11486 aphorisms structured in 14 volumes previously published in other publishers, which are included in the current collection. 2014

- <u>Dumnezeu şi Destin</u>, Paco Publishing House,
   Romania, 2014, <u>God and Destiny</u>, the United States of America, 2014
- <u>Rătăcire</u>, Paco Publishing House, Romania
   2013, <u>Wandering</u>, the United States of America, 2014
- <u>Libertate</u>, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2013,
   <u>Freedom</u> the United States of America, 2013
- <u>Cugetări esențiale</u>, Paco Publishing House, Romania, <u>2013</u>
- Antologie de înțelepciune, the United States of America 2012 <u>Anthology of wisdom</u>, the United States of America, <u>2012</u> contains 9578 aphorisms
- Contemplare, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2012, Contemplation, the United States of America, 2012
- <u>Deşertăciune</u>, Paco Publishing House, Romania,
   2011, <u>Vanity</u>, the United States of America, <u>2011</u>
- Paradisul şi Infernul, Paco Publishing House, Romania 2011, Paradise and Inferno, the United States of America, 2011
- <u>Păcatul</u>, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2011, The Sin, the United States of America, 2011
- <u>Iluminare</u>, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2011
   <u>Illumination</u>, contains 693 aphorisms the Unites States of America, 2011
- <u>Culegere de înțelepciune</u> (<u>Wisdom Collection</u>) in which appear for the first time in Romanian the volumes Înțelepciune(<u>The book of wisdom</u>), Patima (<u>The Booh of Passion</u>) and Iluzie și Realitate (<u>The Book of Illusion and Reality</u>), together with those reissued as Nemurire (<u>The Book of Immortality</u>), Învață să mori (<u>The Book of the Dead</u>) and Revelații (<u>The Book of Revelations</u>), volumes that appeared both separately and together in the collection in the online or printed

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English editions of United States, <u>Wisdom Collection</u> **contains 7012 aphorisms** the United States of America 2009

- <u>The Booh of Passion</u>, the United States of America, 2010
- <u>The Book of Illusion and Reality</u>, the United States of America 2010
- <u>The book of wisdom</u>, the United States of America 2010, contains 1492 aphorisms
- Învață să mori, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2009, The Book of the Dead, the United States of America, 2010, contains 1219 aphorisms
- Nemurire, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2009,
   The Book of Immortality, the United States of America,
   2010, contains 856 aphorisms
- Revelaţii 21 Decembrie 2012, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2008, The Book of Revelations, the United States of America, 2010, contains 2509 aphorisms

Volumes of philosophical studies

- <u>Sorin Cerin</u>: The Coaxialism Final Edition the United States of America 2021
- <u>Matematica Coaxiologică Transcendentală</u> the United States of America <u>2021</u>; <u>The Transcendental</u> <u>Coaxiological Mathematics</u> the United States of America <u>2021</u>
- Sorin Cerin: The Philosophical Works of the <u>Coaxialism</u> - 2020 Reference Edition the United States of America 2020; Sorin Cerin operele Filozofice ale <u>Coaxialismului- editia 2020</u> the United States of America 2020
- <u>Coaxialismul</u> Editie completa de referinta, First edition Romania 2007, the second, the United States of

## - THE DAYS OF THE ABSURD -Philosophical poems

- America 2010 <u>The Coaxialism</u>- Complete reference edition, the United States of America 2011
- Moarte, neant aneant viață şi Bilderberg Group,
   First edition Romania 2007, the second, the United States of America 2010, Value and Hierarchy of the Human Being, the United States of America 2020
- <u>Logica coaxiologică</u>, First edition, Romania 2007, the second, the United States of America 2014; <u>The</u> <u>Coaxiological Logic</u> the United States of America 2020
- <u>Starea de concepțiune în fenomenologia</u> <u>coaxiologică</u>, First edition Romania 2007, the second, the United States of America 2014; <u>The Creation</u> the United States of America 2020
- Antichrist, ființă și iubire, First edition Romania 2007, the second, the United States of America 2012 <u>The Evil</u>, the United States of America 2014
- <u>Iubire</u> the United States of America 2012, <u>Amour</u> the United States of America 2010, <u>Love</u>, the United States of America 2012

## Volumes of philosophical poetry

- <u>Fără tine Iubire Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America <u>2019</u>; <u>Without you Love</u> <u>Philosophical and love poems</u> the United States of America 2021
- Am crezut în Nemărginirea Iubirii -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2019; I believed in the Eternity of Love - Philosophical poems-the United States of America 2019
- <u>Te-am iubit-Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America <u>2019</u>; <u>I loved you - Philosophical poems</u>-the United States of America 2019
- <u>Să dansăm Iubire -Philosophical poems</u> the United
   States of America <u>2019</u>; <u>Let's dance Love-</u>

- <u>Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2021
- <u>Sfințenia Iubirii -Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2019
- <u>Steaua Nemuririi</u> -Philosophical poems the United States of America <u>2018</u> The Star of Immortality-<u>Philosophical poems</u> -the United States of America <u>2018</u>
- <u>Iluzia Mântuirii-Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- <u>Întâmplare Neîntâmplătoare -Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America <u>2018</u>
- <u>Singuratatea Nemuririi -Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- <u>Drame de Companie -Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- <u>Calea spre Absolut -Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- <u>Dumnezeul meu -Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- Angoase existentiale-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018 Existential Anguishes -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- <u>Mai Singur -Philosophical poems</u>the United States of America <u>2018</u>; <u>More lonely - Philosophical poems</u>the United States of America <u>2019</u>
- <u>Pe Umerii Lacrimii Unui Timp -Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America <u>2018</u>
- <u>În sălbăticia Sângelui -Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- <u>Început și Sfârșit -Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018

- Marea Iluzie a Spargerii Totului Primordial Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- <u>Transcendental Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- Amintirile Viitorului -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- <u>Înțelesul Iubirii Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- Tot ce a rămas din noi este Iubire Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- <u>Creația Iubirii Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- Zâmbetul este floarea Sufletului Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Omul este o şoaptă mincinoasă a Creației Philosophical poems the United States of America
   2018
- <u>Condiția Umană- Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- Agonia-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- <u>Iubire şi Sacrificiu-Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- <u>Disperare-Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- Statuile Vivante ale Absurdului-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018; The Living Statues of the Absurd - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Arta Absurdului Statuilor Vivante Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018

- Absurd Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018; Absurd - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2021
- Greața și Absurdul -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Alienarea Absurdului-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Depresiile Absurdului Carismatic –Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Zilele fără adăpost ale Absurdului -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018; The Days of the Absurd -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2021
- Stelele Căzătoare ale Durerii Lumii de Apoi Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- <u>Cunoașterea este adevărata Imagine a Morții -</u>
   <u>Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- <u>Teatrul Absurd- Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America <u>2018</u>; <u>The Absurd Theater-Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- <u>Vise -Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America <u>2018</u>; <u>Dreams-Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- <u>În Inima ta de Jar Iubire-Philosophical poems</u>the United States of America 2018
- Nemurirea Iubirii -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018, The Immortality of Love-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2019

- Timpul pierdut-Philosophical poemsthe United States of America 2018, The Lost Time -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2019
- <u>Iluzia Existenței -Philosophical poems</u> (Statele Unite ale Americii) <u>2017 The Illusion of Existence:</u> <u>Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2017
- <u>Existențialism Philosophical poems</u> (Statele Unite ale Americii) <u>2017 Existentialism: Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2017
- <u>Ființă şi Neființă -Philosophical poems</u> (Statele Unite ale Americii) <u>2017Being and Nonbeing:</u>
   <u>Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2017
- Oglinzile Paralele ale Genezei -Philosophical
   poems (the United States of America) 2017The Parallel
   Mirrors of the Genesis: Philosophical poems the
   United States of America 2017
- <u>Existenta si Timp -Philosophical poems</u> (the United States of America) 2017 <u>Existence and Time:</u>
   <u>Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2017
- Objecte de Cult -Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2017 Objects of Worship:
   Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017
- <u>Copacul Cunoașterii Philosophical poems</u> (the United States of America) <u>2017The Tree of The Knowledge: Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2017
- <u>Iluzia Amintirii-Philosophical poems</u> (the United States of America) <u>2017The Illusion of Memory:</u> <u>Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America <u>2017</u>
- Iluzia Mortii -Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2017The Illusion of Death:

- <u>Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2017
- <u>Eternitate -Philosophical poems</u> (the United States of America) 2017 <u>Eternity: Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2017
- Strainul Subconstient al Adevarului Absolut - <u>Philosophical poems</u> (the United States of America) 2016
- <u>Paradigma Eternitatii -Philosophical poems</u> (the United States of America) <u>2016</u>
- Marea Contemplare Universala -Philosophical poems the United States of America) 2016
- <u>Bisericile Cuvintelor -Philosophical poems</u> (the United States of America)2016
- <u>Trafic de carne vie -Philosophical poems</u> (the United States of America) <u>2016</u>
- <u>Vremurile Cuielor Tulburi -Philosophical poems</u> (the United States of America)<u>2016</u>
- <u>Divinitate -Philosophical poems</u> (the United States of America) 2016
- La Cabinetul Stomatologic -Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2016
- Origami -Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2016
- <u>Dinainte de Spatiu si Timp -Philosophical poems</u> (the United States of America) <u>2016</u>
- <u>A Fi Poet</u> eLiteratura Publishing House, Bucureşti Romania <u>2015</u>
- O Clipă de Eternitate eLiteratura Publishing House, Bucureşti Romania 2015
- <u>Suntem o Hologramă</u> eLiteratura Publishing House, București Romania <u>2015</u>
- <u>Zile de Carton</u> eLiteratura Publishing House,
   Bucureşti Romania 2015

- <u>Fericire</u> eLiteratura Publishing House, București Romania <u>2015</u>
- Nonsensul Existentei the United States of America 2015 The Nonsense of Existence - Poems of Meditation the United States of America 2016
- <u>Liberul arbitru</u> the United States of America <u>2015</u>
   <u>The Free Will Poems of Meditation</u> the United States of America <u>2016</u>
- <u>Marile taceri</u> the United States of America
   2015 The Great Silences Poems of Meditation the United States of America 2016
- Ploi de Foc the United States of America
   2015 Rains of Fire Poems of Meditation the United
   States of America 2016
- Moarte the United States of America 2015 Death - <u>Poems of Meditation</u> the United States of America 2016
- <u>Iluzia Vieții</u> the United States of America <u>2015</u> <u>The</u>
   <u>Illusion of Life Poems of Meditation</u> the United States of America <u>2016</u>
- <u>Prin cimitirele viselor</u> the United States of America
   2015 Through The Cemeteries of The Dreams Poems
   of Meditation the United States of America 2016
- <u>Îngeri şi Nemurire</u> the United States of America <u>2014 Angels and Immortality - Poems of Meditation</u> the United States of America 2017
- <u>Politice</u> the United States of America <u>2013</u>
- <u>Facerea lumii</u> the United States of America <u>2013</u>
- <u>Cuvântul Lui Dumnezeu</u> the United States of America <u>2013</u>
- Alegerea Mantuitorului the United States of America 2013

## Volumes of poetry of philosophy of love

- <u>In Memoriam</u>- Philosophical poems of love, the United States of America 2020
- O Moarte a Iubirii Philosophical poems of love, the United States of America 2020
- De ce plâng Ingerii Iubirii Philosophical poems of love , the United States of America 2020; Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems the United States of America 2021
- <u>Inimi de cenuşă--</u> Philosophical poems of love, the United States of America <u>2019</u>; <u>Hearts of Ashes</u> -Philosophical and love poems, the United States of America 2021
- The Philosophy of Love <u>- Dragoste și Destin Philosophical poems</u> (the United States of America) 2017 The Philosophy of Love Love and <u>Destiny: Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2017
- The Philosophy of Love Verighetele Privirilor Philosophical poems (the United States of America)

  2017 The Philosophy of Love-The Wedding Rings of Glances-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017
- The Philosophy of Love Fructul Oprit Philosophical poems (the United States of America)
   2017 The Philosophy of Love The Forbidden Fruit:
   Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017
- The Philosophy of Love Lacrimi Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2017 The Philosophy of Love- Tears: Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017

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## Volumes of poetry of love

- Adresa unei cești de cafea, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2013, second edition, the United States of America, 2012
- Memento Mori, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2012, second edition, the United States of America, 2012
- Parfum de eternitate, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2012, second edition, the United States of America, 2012
- <u>Umbrele Inimilor</u>, Paco Publishing House,
   Romania, <u>2012</u>, second edition, the United States of America, 2012
- <u>Inimă de piatră amară</u>, Paco Publishing House, Romania, <u>2012</u>, second edition, the United States of America, 2012
- <u>Legendele sufletului</u>, Paco Publishing House, Romania, <u>2012</u>, second edition, the United States of America, 2012
- Adevăr, Amintire, Iubire, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2012, second edition, the United States of America, 2012
- <u>Eram Marile Noastre Iubiri</u>, Paco Publishing House, Romania, <u>2012</u>, second edition, the United States of America, 2012
- <u>Suflete pereche</u>, Paco Publishing House, Romania, <u>2011</u>, second edition, the United States of America, 2011
- <u>Templul inimii</u>, Paco Publishing House, Romania,
   2011, second edition, the United States of America,
   2011

<u>Poeme de dragoste</u>, Paco Publishing House,
 Romania, <u>2009</u>, second edition, the United States of America, 2011

#### Novels

- Destin, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2003
- The trilogy <u>Destiny</u> with the volumes <u>Psycho</u> <u>Apocalipsa</u> and <u>Exodus</u>, Paco Publishing House, Bucuresti, Romania 2004,
  - The origin of God appeared in the United States of America with the volumes <u>The Divine Light</u>, <u>Psycho</u>, <u>The Apocalypse</u> and <u>Exodus</u> 2006
  - *The Divine Light* appeared in the United States of America 2010

## Nonfiction volumes

- Wikipedia pseudo-enciclopedia minciunii, cenzurii și dezinformării, appeared in English with the title: Wikipedia:Pseudo-encyclopedia of the lie, censorship and misinformation; The first critical book about Wikipedia that reveals the abuses, lies, mystifications from this encyclopedia the United States of America 2011
- Bible of the Light the United States of America -2011
- Procesul Wikipedia Drepturile omului, serviciile secrete și justiția din România – the United States of America – 2018